

00000000 00000000 00000000

it was happy thought to reproduce on this side of the Atlantic in English translation the series of short biographies of "Great French Writers" which is now in course of publication in Paris. We must also bear testimony to the general excellence of the translations. It is not, however, easy to understand the grounds on which Thiers was not included in the list which includes Montesquieu and George Sand. Assuredly he was one of the great masters of French prose—so much at least is admitted by M. PAUL DE RÉMUSAT, the author of the sketch of which Mr. Melville B. Anderson has made an admirable and very readable translation in the form to which it can be said of Thiers, as it may be said of Gibbon, that he was made a great subject: inalienably his own. His histories of the Revolution, and of the Consulate and Empire are no longer quoted as authorities by scholars, and if they are not already superseded in popular usage, they are certainly so in the schools. It is more clear that they soon must be. This also is acknowledged by M. de Rémusat, that when Thiers was made President of the republic, it was not the historian but the statesman and the patriot that his fellow citizens remembered. Twenty years hence, if the republic should be the work of Thiers, will find his writings in considerable request. It is more likely to be quiet than Thiers.

Not only must we question the propriety of placing the name of Thiers in the present place, but the outline of his life presented by M. de Rémusat scarcely accords with the facts. What we have here is not a searching and impartial biography, but an eulogical eulogy. Nothing else, indeed, could be expected from a member of the Rémusat family, the intimacy of whose personal and political relations to Thiers is known. We cannot say anything of this little volume at all, except that the tone of it is that of a shallow intellect, and character of Thiers were presumably, to some extent, transmitted; nothing about the social and pecuniary circumstances amid which his youth was passed, which had, doubtless, some share in determining his attitude toward society. Only by reading the *Journal des Débats* can we discern that the subject of the eulogy was of humble origin and poor. For Americans such reference seems not only a fault in taste, but a defect in method, for by the failure to indicate the obstacles overcome we are left without the means of measuring the prowess of the victor. Through a want of the proper information, we are doomed to account for the abrupt rise of Thiers to political prominence on the accession of Louis Philippe. Here was a young journalist, undeniably clever in his profession, who had found time for a forcible portrayal of the French Revolution, but France at that time had no need of such services. It is difficult to find performances and aptitudes the stuff of which Prime Ministers are made. What private services had he won the confidence and affection of the King, and by what political or parliamentary achievements did he command such general deference from society as to make his sudden rise to the highest offices of the State not to be disclosure of extraordinary talents for oratory and debate. His first speech in a legislative assembly was as deplorable a failure as *Israel's*. The light cast upon the parentage and youth of Thiers by M. de Rémusat is hardly less captious and satisfactory than that thrown upon the career of *Israel* by the same author. Of the species of encomium pronounced on a deceased member of the French Academy by the new tenant of his seat this composition is a capital example. We do not mean that it was actually prepared for such a purpose, but that it belongs to the category of funeral orations. It is meant to gratify the vanity of the deceased, and to give the same time to display the literary prowess and resources of the author. Neither of these aims is here raised by M. de Rémusat. But they who want to understand Thiers the bourgeois, Thiers the literary worker, and Thiers the statesman will have to look elsewhere for facts and figures. In this country where his laws have better deserved study, or in which American readers would make a more lively interest.

Answer D

We have seen so many records of travel to and forth by men whose sole qualification for exploration was their own curiosity and desire to know something with uncommon satisfaction the work of thoroughly equipped observer. Such is Mr. HANS LUMHOLTZ, a Norwegian naturalist, who has published under the title of *Among Cannibals* (Seribners) the results of a four years' sojourn in Australia, and more especially in the north-east among the man-eating aborigines of Queensland. Not only is the body of this book at once interesting to the general reader and useful to the scientist, but there are three appendices of exceptional value, devoted respectively to an outline of the history of the aborigines of the continent, to the mammals of the continent. From no other single volume is it possible to obtain so vivid a conception of the conditions and peculiarities of animal and plant life in a region recognized as a survival of the mesozoic age and as cut off from Asia throughout the tertiary as well as the quaternary period.

Let us hear Mr. Lumholtz describe those Australian savages who inhabit the valley of the Herbert River in North Queensland, among whom he lived, without any white companion, for nearly a year. The natives of this district he regards as the lowest, in respect of culture, to be met with. They do not cultivate the soil, and their only domestic animal is the *dingo* (dog), which, although some fossil specimens have been found, is believed to have been brought to Australia by man. Living from bread to mouth on spontaneously produced vegetables or animal flesh, they are contented flitting from place to place and have no permanent abode. Their mode of life is that of a nomad; if they are the children of the moment; a resolution is quickly formed and quickly abandoned. Mr. Lumholtz, who, although a close, is also a sympathetic observer, says that they are humorous by nature, have a keen sense of what is comical, and a cheerful disposition. But, though free from cares, they are never without a secret dread of the future. Their life is full of perils, for each other's mortal foe. A stranger who dares to trespass on the land of another tribe is pursued like a wild beast, slain, and eaten. It is a natural outcome of this state of things that beyond their own territorial borders the members of a given tribe know nothing of the country, and are as incompetent as they are ignorant of the habits of the women. In courage, but to some extent make up for this defect by craft. If they can kill their enemies before a treacherous attack, they do so.

It is well known that no one of the Australian aborigines are cannibals, but their man-eating habits have never been so carefully studied as by the author of this volume. He lived as long as 20 years in the interior of Australia, and had never been checked by contact with civilization, yet for a reason to be mentioned presently he was never in danger of being devoured. His hosts and friends of the Herbert valley made no secret of their fondness for the flesh of the black man. Indeed, the deliciousness of the food formed a chief topic of conversation around the traveller's camp fire. The mere thought of it would make their eyes sparkle. When Mr. Lumholtz asked his men what part of the body they most liked they always struck their thighs. They never ate the head or the small intestines. They ate more or less of the fat about the kidneys. In attacking an enemy they always aim with their weapons at the kidneys, regarding them as the seat of life. By eating them they believe that they acquire a part of the slain person's strength. Curiously enough, the same is the case with the natives of the white man had been killed near the author's headquarters, the question as to whether the dead man had been eaten caused great sur-

woman to believe that on in the Australian
 white men do not wholly lack the fascina-
 tion ascribed by Goethe to their sex in gen-
 eral. He acknowledges, however, that comely
 women are met with in the desert. The greatest
 mistake is that a woman can have a few
 clumsy incisions across the chest, arms, and
 back. Tattooing, in the strict sense, is not
 practised by the Australians. They do not
 prick the skin; they smash it on the parts just
 mentioned. The face (except as regards the
 perforation of the nose, before referred to)
 is unmarked. The most striking characteris-
 tics ought not to be overlooked. The voice
 of the Australian is melodious, though some-
 times hoarse, and gives evidence of musical
 aptitude. In both men and women it is
 pitched high; bass voices are rare. The strong
 odor of the blacks is quite distinguishable
 from that of an unclean white man. So very
 different is this smell from that of the domi-
 nant tribes of the interior, which is almost
 as disagreeable to it; even when no native is
 visible. To this fact travellers have often
 owed their lives.
 Of the countless details bearing on the grade
 of culture reached by the aborigines of Queens-
 land we can now enumerate but two, viz., the
 message stick and the boomerang, which the
 diverse species are able to use with the same
 skill and precision. There is no doubt that,
 although the natives of Australia have no
 written language, they are able to make them-
 selves understood by a kind of hieroglyphics.
 They can send information from one place to
 another by means of signs scratched on a stick
 about four to seven inches long and one inch
 wide. Mr. Lumholtz himself saw one of these
 sticks which had been sent to a native living
 in the Herbert Valley. A fac-simile of its in-
 scribed surface is presented in this volume.
 The recipient of the message understood it.

and prepared a similar stick, on which he wrote an answer. Some of these sticks are flat, others round and about as thick as a man's finger. Some are painted in different colors with lines and with straight or circular lines in regular patterns, as in embroidery. This seems to be a less primitive means of communication than the feather picture writing of the Aztecs, or, at all events, than the knotted cords used by the Incas of Peru.

The boomerang is described with great clearness and with great exactness in two kinds, one of which is a weapon, and the other a toy. The former does not return to or near the place where the thrower stands; the latter does. It is difficult to throw the boomerang well, and all natives are by no means expert in its use. The author tells us that it can be made to touch the ground once, and even twice, before it is thrown, and that it can be made to turn back interfered with. Mr. Luncheon is disposed to believe that this curious toy—it is only, we repeat, the toy that has the property of returning—was invented by the natives in their games. Black boys have been seen to amuse themselves around the camp fire with the leaves of a certain species of tree, which they have converted into sticks to the boomerang. They would give the leaves a flick with the finger, causing them to start off and presently return.

This is one of the books of travel which, like those of Darwin and of Wallace, are certain to be preserved. We should not omit that the reader is materially indebted to the American translator, Mr. Howells, for the manner in which he has rendered with accuracy and skill all the narrative portions of the volume and those in which the author has recourse to scientific terminology.

M. W. H.

It without taking into account certain systems of a language as small as Intellectual. It would be pleasant to think Browning as manly to the last. In the poem of "Asolando," which are not concerned with lips and love, his once grim humor has become somewhat flabby, and there is an exaggeration of the well-known mannerisms of style, and an corresponding increase in the number of the words in the earlier or scurrilous gave the impression of words twisted out of intelligibility by the power or strangeness of the ideas trying to burst through them. There are plenty of passages here, even more obscure, which seem like mere word puzzles constructed for the purpose of puzzling. The same may be said of the more or less forced meaning than so many phrases of Wither's music. Browning had or thought he was given a meaning; that is to say, there was an idea in his mind, to which these verbal constructions formed a sort of accompaniment. But it is to speculate about the particular meaning intended to symbolize by the metaphor of statues, that I have to quarrel with him.

On the other hand, nothing since "Sordello" has been so arrest a boon to the Browning Club as poems like the "Ponte dell' Angelo," Venice," "Rephan," "Reverie," and the others of the "Bad Dreams." Such a stanza as that from "Reverie" is alone worth years of Intellectual but inconclusive discussion:

Would Power to a plantlet
Lift liberate, but enlarge
Good's straightest course unswayed
Were ever the heart's discharge
Of loving: Else doubt's intrusion

So are these, in which a soul which has migrated from a remote sphere to this plane

THE NEW HISTORY OF MONSIEUR

For most of the saner admirers of ROBERT BROWNING the first, rather melancholy task was to find the first volume, called *Aorlando*, published just as his poet was dying. The book opens with a half-earnest confession of failing powers, and throughout the thirty poems there is evidence of a conscious effort to transcend the individuality and to preserve the old characteristics. It is as if Browning had been wishing to match himself against the Browning of thirty-five years ago, and, as happens often to a writer who has grown old, he succeeded only in rendering more pathetic the demonstration of his dependence upon his earlier self. That is why so many of the poems in the present collection strike the ear like feeble echoes from the "Men and Women" which were written with his very best, in lyrical verse, in legend, in dramatic portraiture, in the psychology of the artist temperament, and in general metaphysical imagination; that the "*Aorlando*" verses most dis-

philosophy of existence in the star of God Rephan:

All here! Attend, perforce! O Star of God Rephan, what wonders are in thy brilliance furptive, faint and far! Here by extremes at a mere noon grues; There, all's at most—not mean, not less; Where, in violence, the world is torn; No want—whatever should be is now; No growth—tho' that's change and change comes to; To regally born with crown on brow! Nothing begins—no needs to end! Where, in short at last, the world is One and the same, no change can mend!

To go back for a moment to those poems which are not obscure by reason of his thought or tortured language, there are two of the new volume which seem to have a definite relation to the "Men and Women." Browning's impaired sense of relative value in the first, called "*Arendes Ambro*," he attacks the practice of vivisection:

O! You blame me that I ran away
Why, Sir, the surgery advanced,
Felt the about, about, about, about
The about, about, about, about, about

No one could have the heart to pursue this comparison relentlessly, or to contrast "Beatrice Signorini," for instance, with "Fra Lippo Lippi." In passages relating to love the decadence of Browning's imagination and power of expression is painfully apparent. His love sentiment is sentimentality in its second childhood. The man who wrote the "Statue and the Bust" becomes capable of this weak travesty of Swinburnian music, leading to an anti-climax as crude and commonplace as could occur to a sentimental freshman in college:

But one, if I stood firm, had planned
in my direction? Cowardice!
I only know we don't live twice.
Therefore—shun death is my advice.

B. Shun death all risk? Well, as some
say, I may as well die now.
The cowardly, by no means come
Under reproof as overbold—
I who would have no end of bruises
Cut up alive to greet what suits
My taste and taste for too from a Lady

The other poem with a moral purpose is the dramatic dialogue between a Lady and a Painter on the comparative weakness

all the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee;
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one ore;
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea;
Breath and bloom, shade and shine—wonder, wealth, and—now far above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.
Such is the "Summum Bonum" of earthly existence as reduced to the last term of poetic expression by a poet who had lived nearly eighty years and treated of human passions in all their finer aspects with incomparable subtlety and analysis. The kiss of one girl! It is hard to define the sensations produced by this sudden plunge to bathos; but the effect on the mind is much the same as if the poet should find the surcease of world-weariness, the approach to the vastitude of the star-specked Infinite, the key to the mysteries "of the midnight and the silence of the sleep-time," in the kiss of one muse.

Browning's weakening fancy clung with persistence to the idea of the kiss in its relation to the eternal vertiges:

Perhaps but a memory, after all!
Of what came once when a woman leant
To feel for my brow where her kiss might fall.
Truth e'er, truth only the confident!

And again:

Alas, Burel-
The moment eternal—just that and no more—
When ecstacy's utmost we clutch at the core,
While cheeks burn, arms open, eyes shut, and lips meet.

Even the kiss that is ayes and thersore
Lacks the quality of everlasting truth, appeared to his sonile appetite as a desirable thing:

And stand—for thanks, not shillings—bare
To help Art like my model there.
She well knew what absorbed her—grate
In for the kiss of surpassing good,
Who granted to my ravens' gaze
A type of purest womanhood.
Fru—clothed with murder of his best
Of harmless being—stand the test!
What is it you know?

She. That you jest.

For more than half a century Robert Browning kept on writing poetry in his own way under the dominion of no law-giver save his own artistic conscience. The sum total of achievement is surprising, and not less so range of it. From flawless poems worthy

What girl but, having gathered flowers,
Strip the beds and spoil the towers,
From the lapful of the lowly down,
Drops a careless but: nor tarries
To regain the walf and stray:
"Store enough for home," she'll say.

So say I too: give your levers
Heaps of loving—under, over,
Whelm him—make him gasp for breath!
All so poor who—when—where?
Work it was—picked up what fell:
Not the worst bud—who can tell!

The girl of the octogenarian's fancy turns
up again in the verses bearing the somewhat
mushy title of "A Pearl, a Girl."

I am wrapt in bliss,
Creation's lord, of heaven and earth
Lord whole and soul—by a minute's birth—
Through the love is a girl.

The most remarkable and at the same time
the most melancholy proof of the poetic
obscurantism that affected Browning's last writings
is afforded by the poem called "Knuckle-
bone Mag." This ballad opens in a promi-
sing way, as proceeds to a considerable irony,
humor, and discharges to a conclusion that is
fairly outrageous. The impulse that pushed
the aged poet into such unparalleled vulgarity
must have been uncontrollable:

KNUCKLE-BONE MAG.
Frowned the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-headed,
I seek thee—
Death dealt by our law of the border!

place with the best there is in English litera-
ture, lyrics of perfect beauty, dramatic mo-
ments revealing a profounder insight and
deeper understanding than almost any man
save Shakespeare has possessed. The range
reaches to staccato jargon, to read which
is like to imitate the coocheinations of some
of the dumb animals, to understand a
thoroughly appreciate which is the peculiar
joy of a certain class of cranks.

making his own laws. Browning, like
all original seers, has had to con-
state his own will. The most un-
part of that public is disposed to separate
from the mass of Browning's production
whatever is poetry at first sight, and whatever
seems to promise a reasonable reward for
delicious cultivation. They do not assume that
because they find satisfaction in "How They
Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix,"
and in "The Fish of the Sea," and "The
Bishop Order" his Tomb," that they are
sary to force themselves to find pleasure in
"Red Cotton Nightcap Country" or in "G.
dello." The noisier part of Browning's se-
mivers make a suit of the incomprehensibil-
Now and then, however, even in inner circles
of this cult there is raised some bold voice
declaring the suspicion that it is foolish
waste of time in these Musee
intellect to solve riddle which have no value
his answer. That is likely to be poster-

view of stressing a comfortable, unalloyed
gances, eccentricities, and affections. It will
not bother itself much with him as a problem.
It will take what is on the surface, readily ap-
prehensible by ordinary intelligence, and it
will be thankful that this poet lived and
wrote for fifty years.

The Works of a Great French Sculptor.

The admirable exhibition of the sculpture of LOUIS BARYE now going forward in Twenty-third street, has furnished the occasion for the publication of an important book upon his *Life and Works*, of which Mr. CHARLES DE KAY is the author (Barye Monument Association). It is illustrated with wood cuts, artotypes, and prints, and the edition is limited to five hundred and twenty-five copies. Few such beautiful specimens of book making have been published in America as this small quarto of some 160 pages, simply and tastefully bound in white parchment with gold lettering and medallions, and printed at the VanDyck Press on Holland paper. The delightful illustrations in the wood cuts for which Holland paper is used were likewise printed by De Vinné, those on India paper by John G. Bauer, the artotypes by Edward Bierstadt, and the etched portrait of Barye which forms the frontispiece by Kimmel & Volght.

Great intelligence has been shown in selecting from the multitude of Barry's works those best fitted for illustration in such a book. Almost all his most famous works are shown, including some, like the four beautiful groups on the Louvre that stand in duplicate in the Metropolitan Museum, the "Lion Meeting Pylon" collection; and to these are added a number of less familiar objects, so that the whole range of Barry's talent is made plain. Moreover, while the monotony which would spring from a frequent reiteration of similar subjects has been avoided, there has been no unwisely effort to shun the semblance of repetition. The variety of two main subjects can prove that a great artist may produce works which, though much alike, are yet essentially individual. In general the printing of the illustrations is very good, yet differences in quality appear upon examination. Some of the antotypes, like No. 32, "Elk Surrounded by a Lynx," seem as perfect reproductions of the original. Others, like No. 2, "The Centaur's Camera and the press could produce; but in a few complicated subjects, like No. 68, "Mounted Arabs Killing Lion," and No. 71, "Tartar Warrior Checking Lions," much of the modelling disappears in too heavy shadows. In imitating the color of the patina—now green, now brown, and now golden—which Barry gave his "proofs," the printer has not been quite so successful as the artist, de Kromme. But this means less that the attainable has not been achieved than that the impossible was attempted. As regards the wood cuts, some, like No. 38, "Lion Meeting Pylon," after a water color, and No. 60, the famous "Thebes Slaying the Centaur," are most admirable in execution and printing, while others, like No. 39, "The Centaur's Camera," are much too black in places. There are some of them which made a better effect when printed in with the text of the *Century Magazine* a year or two ago than they do here on separate pages of finer paper. The drawings made from some of Barry's works by Mr. Kenyon Cox are touched by a faithful and spirited hand, and the artist's own drawings, which we think may be preferred by the connoisseur to illustration to the larger but more mechanical reproductions, notable instance is the little elephant on page 32.

But despite the variety, interest, and excellence of the illustrations, this should by no means be regarded as a fine picture book with a "padding" of text. Mr. de Kay's essay bears the stamp neither of perfunctoriness nor of shallowness. It was evidently written with a purpose, and it is not to be taken not with that desire to stimulate enthusiasm which so commonly appears in work done at a special time for some such special reason as that which fathered the present volume. Much originality in the method of his treatment could not be expected. Too many biographies

100

times for what may be called a new conception to be possible. But the method is familiar—characterizing the artist's life, with running comments on the works produced from year to year—Mr. de Kay's own mental attitude is certainly individual. The reader may disagree with much that he says or may agree with it all—though this last is hardly probable—but in either case he will find much to interest him. There is no compliment of distinct assent or dissent to almost every statement. It may safely be said that the whole book is very interesting, but this does not mean that it is free from faults. Indeed, part of its very interest springs from a fault which, considering the memoir as a literary work, is not a fault at all. It is a tendency to bring in matter which, while of value in itself and well presented, has but the most shadowy connection with the personality of Barre or the significance of his works. The three pages devoted to the Minotaur myth and the pages devoted to the Minotaur in literature and mythology are good instances, and minor ones appear with great frequency. Another blemish is a lack of

systematic arrangement, which often result in the division of paragraphs that should be read consecutively (like those describing the four groups from the Louvre) by the insertion of unimportant incidents connected with them; and still another is careless repetition, as when on page 115 we are told the same thing with regard to the fate of the Louvre figure of Napoleon III. that was said on page 106. Blemishes such as these last are readily excusable in a popular work, but the author's command for the preparation of his book. For the fault first named another revision might be sought, but this, too, is not hard to discover. The fact that Mr. de Kay draws in so much material which has little connection with his theme is a matter of course, and is not to be regretted. A special pleader for a certain theory of his own imagining. This theory is that Barye should not be looked at as an artist pure and simple, but that he is of paramount interest as a fellow worker with Darwin, an embodiment of the modern scientific spirit, an advocate of the theory of evolution. It is not possible to maintain pages it seems to be acknowledged that Barye himself was not conscious that his work was thus significant, but on many others it is implied that he consciously strove to show more than the external aspect of his brutes, that he was anxious to put into his work nature, that his intention was scientific or philosophical, and his conception often avy-

© 2006 The Authors
Journal compilation © 2006 Blackwell Publishing Ltd

close the book we are in doubt whether or no we should believe that Bayre knew about himself all that his biographer has discovered. But it is unfortunate that there should be even one person who would say that he seemed too much already from efforts to realize another message than the genuinely artistic. Of course, it is proper for any observer to say, if his personal impressions thus dictate: Look at these busts of Bayre's and see whether they do confirm this or that scientific doctrine. There is a constant matter to assume on one's own responsibility without the risk of other doctrines works of this sort could not have been produced, that their author felt a definite scientific impulse, and that much of the value of his results is a consequence of the fact. We say "on one's own responsibility," for, be it noted, there is not the slightest fact to support Mr. de Kay's hypothesis. On the contrary, all that he and others tell us of the great sculptor show him as even more purely and exclusively an artist than most of his fellow workers. The author says himself that no one would be more surprised than Bayre could be by such a suggestion coming from his admirers. Surely nothing would astonish him more than to wake for a moment to be told that he had thought of his art in any other way than as a vehicle for expressing artistic ideas, or had studied his busts for any other reason than because he felt them to be good substitutes for the actual figures.

The night for Mrs. May's wedding, Tuesday, will be transferred from the Flood family to the Crocker family. It was originally intended to be held at the latter place, but the Flood family will transfer it to the Crocker family.

SOME DUTCH MASTER

Pictures Such as Are Not Often Seen Here.

One of the most interesting pictures ever brought to this country is an "Interior" by Pieter de Hooch, recently put on exhibition in the rooms of Messrs. Durand-Ruel. Born in 1698, De Hooch (or De Hoeh), as the name in French is written, evidently owed much to the example of Vermeer. He was twenty-two years his senior. Yet he is by no means to be classed among the imitators of the great master of chiaroscuro. He should hardly be counted even as belonging to Rembrandt's "school," for his individuality is very marked. He is not so much an imitator as in display it. From Rembrandt he learned the value of strongly contrasted light and shadow. But his contrasts are not the wilfully effective ones that may be secured by studio devices, nor the mysterious, non-natural ones which Rembrandt used so much to the effect of his biblical scenes. De Hooch paints always the light of common day, and not as it may be arranged, but as it naturally shows itself to every eye, and his subjects, moreover, are not imaginative, biblical, or historic, but drawn from the simplest scenes of local contemporary life. He is not a follower of Vermeer, for color or for form; he is a follower of Rembrandt; in his love for humble every-day themes, he is a brother of Terburg and a whole host of their fellow countrymen. But he stands apart by himself as untiring these two tendencies of the great painter of domestic life who so much resembles a master of chiaroscuro as De Hooch, except Van der Meer of Delft. Nor is the likeness even between these two very close. In technical ways they are far apart. Van der Meer being the more exquisite worker with color, and Van der Meer the more reserved, a little blunt, sometimes a little heavy in comparison; and in choice of theme they are as different from an artistic thought not from a merely superficial point of view. Van der Meer usually shows an interior scene, with a few figures, and the conspicuous effect of light by placing his figures near a window, as in the lovely canvas at the Metropolitan Museum. De Hooch almost always shows an interior, chiefly for the sake of showing the open air beyond it. He is not literally the only Dutchman who ever painted a landscape, but he is more consistently and triumphantly than any other that he seems almost to have secured a right to the scheme. Even when we see, for instance, a work so modern in subject and sentiment as Millet's "Woman Churning" at the Barre exhibition, it is not the different planes of sunlight beyond it, that a leaf has been stolen from that special laurel bush which fate planted for De Hooch's

The Hoogh, like Van der Meer, was late in claiming his right share of the honor that modern times have bestowed on the "Little Rembrandt" of Holland. It is only in comparatively recent years that his pictures have been prized as they deserve, but a measure of their present value is read in the fact that the Berlin Museum lately paid \$30,000 for a good example. Two excellent examples are more familiar than this, having long hung in the Louvre, and one of these pictures, De Hoogh's "The Interior of a Dutch Kitchen," is perhaps the most famous of his work. The figures in it are almost as remarkable as in a first-rate Terburg, while the effect of light is characteristically fine. Another admirable De Hoogh is one of the pearls of the Richard Wallace collection in London, and from time to time others are being unearthed from the Dutch or English collections where they had dwelt in

The picture now at Messrs. Durand-Buel's shows a low-ceiled, dusky interior, with a fire-place at the left, before which a woman is stooping and turning her head to speak to another who stands relieved against a range of low curtained windows. To the right an open door shows that there was another room, and it was, seen, first, a wide hall paved with lozenge-shaped slabs of gray and white, and then another window or door, beyond which lies a stretch of tree-bordered canal, and then a line of high-roofed houses. The drawing and characterization of the scene were the chief interest of the picture, and in a Turborg or the supreme delicacy that marks a Van der Meer; but it is only by comparison with masters as great as these that any lack of complete excellence could be noted. Nor is it color which chiefly attracts the eye, although, indeed, the harmony of the colors is so good that the picture is most admirably kept and as admirably relieved by the beautifully varied notes of red in the curtain of the distant window of the hall, in the jacket of the crouching woman, and in the shoes of the one who is standing. The great charm of the picture lies in the way the victor of the Academy has so delicately and so effectively, and of course, in the way its brilliant lighting has been harmonized with the duskiness of the rest of the canvas. The filtered light and luminous shade of the room, the golden glow of the hall, the dim yet palpitating illumination of the canal in the distance, the pale reflection of the sky on the sun-struck, gabled roofs and the sky, the effect of successive planes of distance, the nature of air as a palpable, living medium—all these are expressed with a completeness and distinctiveness as entire as if we looked at Nature herself; yet so simply, so softly, so tenderly, so tenderly that it seems as if nothing could be easier than such a piece of work. No one who did not know what the art of painting really means, and what the museums of the world really have to show, would imagine that results which are so beautiful and so tenderly so tenderly so easily achieved, could deserve to be called unalloyed. Yet no lesser word can describe Pieter de Hooch's successes with his favorite kind of problem. No one else ever painted quite the same things in quite so perfect a way. Immigrants as nobly as the Dutchmen, by the way, and as tenderly, have come to America, and as nobly as the Dutchmen, by the way, and as tenderly, have come to America. Almost as soon as we got one fine Rembrandt we got several, and so it has been with De Hooch. Another De Hooch, not so beautiful as this one, but still excellent, was recently loaned for exhibition at the Union League Club by the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In its depicting, which has not yet been shown the public; and a fourth is now or soon will be on the way to New York—the famous example from

[illegible]

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

Fluctuations in Roses.

From the Atlanta Journal.

"What are roses quoted at to-day?" was the strange question overheard by a Journal reporter in a florist stand recently.

"American Beauties at 22 cents. La France at 20 cents and the Bride at 18 cents," was the prompt reply.

"How the rose market fluctuates?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, certainly," was the dealer's reply. "When there are a number of entertainments to be given throughout the country, the price of roses goes up. It is the same with the number of receptions and weddings to-night, and the prices are up to-day from 18 to 25 cents a bud."

"Why are the prices of roses so high in Washington city, where they are forced in immense ho-houses, Rosebuds shipped from any other city are cheaper, but those from Washington never do.

When there is a large number of demands for flowers from all over the country the price goes up. The price of roses is the same. Demand will fall short and the price go away